He reades the Letter.

SEigneur Martino, *& his wife and daughters: Countie* Anſelme *and his bewtious ſiſters: the Lady widdow of* Vtruuio, *Seigneur* Placentio, *and his louely Neeces:* Mercutio *and his brother* Valentine: *mine Vncle* Capulet *his wife and daughters: my faire Neece* Roſaline, Liuia, *Seigneur* Valentio, *and his Coſen* Tybalt: Lucio *and the liuely* Hellena.

A faire aſſemblie, whither ſhould they come?

Ser. Vp.

Ro. Whither to ſupper?

Ser. To our houſe.

Ro. Whoſe houſe?

Ser. My Maiſters.

Ro. Indeed I ſhould haue askt you that before.

Ser. Now ile tell you without asking. My maiſter is the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the houſe of *Mountagues*, I pray come and cruſh a cup of wine. Reſt you merrie.

Ben. At this ſame auncient feaſt of *Capulets*, s.
Sups the faire *Roſaline* whom thou ſo loues:
With all the admired beauties of *Verona*,
Go thither, and with vnattainted eye,
Compare her face with ſome that I ſhall ſhow,
And I will make thee thinke thy ſwan a crow.

Ro. When the deuout religion of mine eye
Maintaines ſuch falſhood, then turne teares to fier:
And theſe who often drownde, could neuer die,
Tranſparent Hereticques be burnt for liers.
One fairer then my loue, the all ſeeing Sun,
Nere ſaw her match, ſince firſt the world begun.

Ben. Tut you ſaw her faire none elſe being by,
Her ſelfe poyſd with her ſelfe in either eye:
But in that Chriſtall ſcales let there be waide,
Your Ladies loue againſt ſome other maide:
That I will ſhew you ſhining at this feaſt,
And ſhe ſhall ſcant ſhew well that now ſeemes beſt.

Ro. Ile go along no ſuch ſight to be ſhowne,

But

But to reioyce in ſplendor of mine owne.

Enter Capulets *Wife and Nurſe.*

Wife. Nurſe wher's my daughter? call her forth t

Nurſe. *Now by my maidenhead, at twelue yeare ol*
come, what Lamb, what Ladie-bird, God forbid,
Wheres this Girle? what Iuliet.

Enter Iuliet.

Iuliet. How now who calls?

Nur. *Your mother.*

Iuli. Madam I am here, what is your will?

Wife. This is the matter. Nurſe giue leaue a while, w
in ſecret. Nurſe come backe againe, I haue remem
thou'ſe heare our counſel. Thou knoweſt my daught
tie age.

Nurſe. *Faith I can tell her age vnto an houre.*

Wife. Shee's not fourteene.

Nurſe. *Ile lay fourteene of my teeth, and yet to m*
ſpoken, I haue but foure, ſhees not fourteene.
How long is it now to Lammas-tide?

Wife. A fortnight and odde dayes.

Nurſe. *Euen or odde, of all daies in the yeare come* Lam
night ſtal ſhe be fourteen. Suſan *and ſhe, God reſt all Chr*
were of an age. Well Suſan *is with God, ſhe was too good*
as I ſaid, on Lammas *Eue at night ſhall ſhe be fourteene*
ſhee marrie, I remember it well. Tis ſince the Earth
eleuen yeares, and ſhe was weand I neuer ſhall forget it, o
of the yeare vpon that day: for I had then laide worme-
dug, ſitting in the ſun vnder the Doue-houſe wall. M
you were then at Mantua, *nay I doo beare a braine. B*
when it did taſte the worme-wood on the nipple of m
felt it bitter, pretie foole, to ſee it teachie and fall out with
Shake quoth the Doue-houſe, twas no need I trow to bi
and ſince that time it is a leuen yeares, for then ſhe could
nay byth roode ſhe could haue run and wadled all abou
the day before ſhe broke her brow, and then my husband,